

Deadly Secrets

by Dragonheim

Category: Hamtaro

Genre: Horror, Humor

Language: English

Characters: Sandy, Stripes

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2005-08-20 05:48:57

Updated: 2007-03-02 10:07:06

Packaged: 2016-04-27 02:44:02

Rating: T

Chapters: 7

Words: 9,780

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Stan's been having dreams ... Dreams about a dark creature running through the night. One morning he wakes up to find blood on his mouth, and goes to the clubhouse to discover that Snoozer's been mauled! Is he connected to the murder?

1. Stan's Deadly Secret

DEADLY SECRETS

I do not own Hamtaro® or any affiliated characters. Any similar names, places or ideas used in this story are completely coincidental and unintentional.

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

Stan had been lying in his cage, looking up at the ceiling. He had not been to the clubhouse for days. Something strange had been going on with him, but he had no idea _what_. Every night he would have a dream . . . A dream about a dark figure running through the night. In some dreams it would be chasing something; maybe a rabbit, or a squirrel. He woke up from these dreams exasperated and sweaty, what he figured was from fright, and it took him hours sometimes to fall back asleep.

Every day he would try to remember more of the small details. In his dreams, everything seemed vivid, as if it were real. But as he tried to recall what had happened, it all seemed vague.

Along with that, Stan was beginning to quit eating his food. Not because he didn't want to, it was because he was just never hungry. He would wake up feeling like he had just eaten. Noel noticed his food bowl was still full after nearly five days, and took the hamster to the veterinarian's office. The vet explained there was nothing wrong with Stan, but told Noel to encourage him to eat by putting a small treat or two in his bowl. Noel followed his directions, but

Stan still didn't eat.

Night had come fast. Stan laid in his cage, hoping his freakish dream would not return again that night. He shut his eyes, drifting off into slumber . . .

The dark figure moved swiftly through the night, on its way to a somehow familiar tree. It stopped at the door, forced it open, and barged in. Through the long tunnel, another door blocked the creature's path. It pulled the door from its hinges and through it to the side. It scanned the room, looking for prey. With its acute hearing, it picked up the noise of someone's breathing. It followed the sound to a sock lying on the floor. Inside the sock was a dozing hamster. The creature took this as a chance, and struck the sleeping hamster.

_Startled, it woke up, deeply in pain. The hamster backed against the wall, holding its wound. The figure moved into the dim light of the room, of which then the hamster let out a shrill scream. The creature roared in response, sending the hamster cowering. _

"_P-please . . . d-d-don't hurt me . . ." The creature did not listen to his pleas. "Leave me alone! No! NOOOO!" _

_The beast opened its mighty jaws, exposing a mouthful of sharp teeth. With a quick lunge, it bit the hamster's neck, and it fell to the ground, completely lifeless . . . _

"GYA!" Stan awoke with a start. His heart was beating fast, and he felt weak. He got up and looked into a mirror of his. On his face, surrounding his mouth, was blood. It had dried, so it had been there for a bit, but it wasn't there when he had gone to sleep. _Where had it come from?_

Stan decided he should go to the clubhouse this day, because even though these dreams continued to haunt him, he figured that the other ham-hams were worried. Maybe he could tell his sister what was going on. He washed the blood off his face, and snuck out of his cage.

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

Stan made his way over to his usual daytime hangout. The front door was damaged, from something he didn't know of. "Geez, what else did I miss when I was gone?" he said to himself. Continuing down the tunnel, he heard crying. Now what? He ran down the hallway as fast as he could, trying to see what was happening. When he got to the main room, there was no door. It looked like it had been broken off, and it was lying by the table in the center.

All the ham-hams were crowded around something by the wall, appearing to be uninterested by Stan's arrival. All but one, Sandy, ignored him.

"Stan . . . -sniffle- . . . you won't believe it -sniffle- . . ." She said between tears.

He squeezed between the others to see what the problem was. To his shock, it was Snoozer. He was lying on the floor, partially eaten, and surrounded in a pool of his own blood.

"W-w-we found him here this morning . . . -sniffle-"

All of a sudden, reality hit Stan.

"_P-please . . . d-d-don't hurt me . . ."_

"What happened to him?" he asked, sweating profusely.

Sandy stopped crying for a moment to explain. "I-I don't know . . . it looks like something attacked him. . ."

Stan looked down, and sure enough, Snoozer had a large bite mark on his neck, and multiple gashes on the rest of his body. His stomach had been slashed open.

"_Leave me alone! No! NOOOO!" _

The scenes kept repeating over and over again in Stan's head. They were driving him to the point of insanity.

_With a quick lunge, it bit the hamster's neck, and it fell to the ground, completely lifeless . . . _

Stan grabbed his head, breathing quickly. Sandy looked at him confused. "Is there something wrong?"

"No. I-it's just . . . I . . . I'm worried that the thing that killed Snoozer might come back," he lied.

"Hey, Stan's got a point," Boss stated. "What if the thing that killed Snoozer _does_ come back?"

"We're not safe here!" Pashmina began to panic.

"Don't worry, guys. I'm sure it won't come back to the clubhouse. Besides, if it does, we'll outnumber it, right, Bijou?" The two began to rub cheeks. Boss looked on and growled angrily. Hamtaro, taking this as an expression of "back off!", immediately stopped.

Normally Stan would be angry at the sight of Hamtaro and Bijou together also, but his train of thought was set on something else. What if he really did kill Snoozer in a state of subconsciousness? He surely didn't do it himself, but . . . what if something was controlling him?

Sandy continued to observe Stan's odd behavior. Something was wrong with him, and she knew it.

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

That night, Stan's sister went over to his house and stopped at his cage. No one was there . . .

2. Encounter with a Werewolf

Chapter 2

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

Sandy looked around her brother's cage for a couple seconds. He should have been there; he would never leave the house at night, or at least not when Noel was home. She peeked inside his mini-house, thinking he might have hid himself in there. Still no sign of him. She walked towards the door and opened it, and while she was thinking about something else, forgot what she was doing and let the door slam.

The loud clank of the metal was enough to wake Noel. Sandy, virtually petrified, leaped away and behind one of his huge college textbooks. Noel peered around his room for a second or two, and assuming it was Stan messing around in his cage, went back to sleep . . . but not before he accidentally kicked his book, knocking it over on Sandy and pinning her in place.

She tried to wiggle herself free, but it was no use. The book was too heavy. She wheezed in air, as it was difficult to breathe with the text compressing her small frame. With what little energy she had, she gave a small cry for help before falling unconscious.

That plea was heard. A dark shape loomed out from behind the shadows of the room. It slowly, yet swiftly, walked up to the edge of the book. It sniffed around the edge, catching the scent of a hamster. The creature slid its paws under the cover, and with an almighty force, lifted it off of Sandy. She was still unconscious, so the creature grabbed her tail and pulled her out from underneath, then dropping the book with a loud _bam._

The mysterious figure somehow thought this hamster looked familiar. The memories seemed strangely incomplete, but this did not stop the creature from wondering. It would have killed her, but something came over it, making it care instead of hate. It licked the girl's face, wetting her with slobber until she finally regained consciousness.

Sandy closed her eyes for a moment, feeling her face. It was wet, and sticky. The substance smelled terrible. She opened her eyes, only to find a giant beast, about three times her size, towering above her.

Her eyes widened in alarm. She screamed, dragging herself as far away as possible, but was stopped by the book that had flattened her. The creature followed, its footsteps echoing quietly throughout the room. Sandy cringed in fear, not knowing what it would do. The beast stopped in front of her, its emerald green eyes glowing in the dim light.

Instead of attacking her, as Sandy feared, it simply lowered itself down to her height. She looked at it curiously. The creature lifted its clawed paw up to her face and stroked her gently. Sandy somehow felt . . . _safe_ in its presence. In a matter of moments, it backed off, as if it realized what it was doing, and rushed away at full speed. She tried to stop it, but it would not come back.

Sandy, realizing she was now alone, sighed deeply. She looked at Stan's empty cage. The room was deathly quiet, the only noise audible being Noel's soft breathing above her. She glanced at his digital clock, the time showing 2:18 AM. It was time to go back to her own house.

Exiting her brother's house, she was having a few back thoughts.
"What if that creature was . . . nah, couldn't be . . ."

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

Stan, on the other hand, was lying by a tree in the park. How he got there, he didn't know. The moon shown above him, bright enough to cast shadows. He stared up at the sky in wonder. Things were starting to get weird.

Could he have really killed Snoozer? It seemed to make sense, after all. The dreams being scary-real, then waking up to find his sleepy buddy dead in his sock. Or was he in his sock? Stan was becoming scatterbrained with all this new info coming in. The he thought about the ham-hams. What would they do if he told them, or even mentioned it? Would he get kicked out, never to see his friends again? Or would they understand, seeing that he himself did not control his actions and that no one really bonded with Snoozer anyway, seeing that he slept 24-7-365.

And then his sister . . . like always, she would make a big fuss. They'd probably get in a fight, and not make up because he'd actually murdered someone. Stan leaned back and pondered the facts for a bit. A half-minute passed, and he suddenly gasped loudly.

Everything was coming back to him! Killing Snoozer, escaping from his cage, rescuing Sandy, rubbing her face! And it was coming to him clear is day, as if it were happening right then. He knew now why he was under the big tree in the park - he had ran there after the encounter with Sandy.

It all hit him like a ton of bricks. He started to hyperventilate. He _is _a werewolf. He _did _murder a ham-ham. The truth was to much . . . he fainted under the dawn light.

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

Sandy was asleep in her cage. She didn't hardly get any sleep that night, for she of course at Stan's house. She was awoken by the heavy footfalls - at least in her point of view - of Hillary coming her way.

"Bye, Sandy! You have a nice day, m'kay?" Sandy exhaled slowly, a tone of frustration in her voice. Where could Stan have gotten to? Why did some crazy monster touch her so affectionately ? It wasn't making sense. She decided to go to the clubhouse, but she would tell no one in fear that they would not believe her.

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

She took the long way through the park today. The longer it took to get there, the better, she thought. It had clouded up and gotten foggy while she made her trek, making it hard to see very far.

Sandy stopped. She saw a shadow underneath on of the trees. In the dense fog it was hard to determine what it was, but it looked to her like a hamster. She made her way over to the dark shape. She wasn't very far away when she figured out it really _was_ a hamster. Concerned, she ran up to its side. Looking down at him, she gasped in shock. It was Stan.

"Stan! What are you doing out here?" He woke up, not expecting to find his agitated sister in his face. She clenched her teeth together, demanding an explanation. He got up and backed against the tree, knowing Sandy's wrath when she was angry.

"Now, come on, Sandy! I can explain the whole thing-"

"You'd better have a good excuse, buster! Because right now, I'd say you're in hot water!"

Stan gulped. Should he really tell his sister everything?

"Well?" she demanded impatiently.

He began his story. "You know I've been acting kind of weird lately . . . and I, um, well there is this crazy thing gong on. I've been having nightmares and . . . I think I killed Snoozer."

"_WHAT?_"

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, I'm not done yet. I had a dream about killing a hamster like Snoozer, but I was not myself, I was a . . . monster. Then I woke up. My hands were dirty. I went to the clubhouse, and Snoozer really was dead."

Sandy's eyes were wide with fright. She was breathing quickly.

" . . . and last night . . . you were at my house, weren't you? I remember it. I was there."

She now started to actually believe him, even though she still had doubts.. "So . . . if you were really there . . . what happened last night?"

Stan took in a deep breath. "One of Noel's textbooks fell on you. You were hurt pretty badly, so I lifted it off of you-" He suddenly put his paws over his mouth.

"Wait . . . you . . . you were the monster?"

"I'm afraid so. I didn't remember what happened until this morning. Something that night made me feel care for you, and something about me made you not afraid."

"I can't believe this . . . I mean, I do, but . . . its so weird." Stan simply looked at her, and then she made a sudden burst. "We've got to tell the others!"

Stan grabbed her. "No! That's the last thing we want to do. If they find out . . ."

" . . . I see."

They stared into each other's eyes for a brief moment. Stan gave in. "I mean, we can go there, but we can't let anyone find out. Okay?"

"Alright." Sandy smiled. They walked together, and the clubhouse was

not to far from where they were. All they needed to do was cross the street, and they were there.

Sandy stepped out onto the street. Stan followed. They were almost to the other side when, out of the fog, came a truck that would surely run them both over . . .

3. Pocket Aces

Chapter 3

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

All she saw were the black tire treads. It was coming straight for her, there was no way she could move fast enough. Her teeth were clenched, bracing for impact. But to her surprise, she was not killed. A pair of strong arms carried her to safety . . .

Sandy lie on the sidewalk. She had no idea how it happened, for Stan couldn't have . . . could he?

She looked up. Instead of Stan, a dark creature stood above her, the misty sky illuminating the thick gray fur of its coat. Her eyes widened.

"Wh-who are you?" she stuttered. Then, she remembered the night before. This was the same beast. This was Stan.

He knelt down at her side. Her brother only said one thing: "Its okay." He then slowly shifted into a hamster again, the dull fur turning into a bright yellow ochre color. She calmed down. Stan grabbed her arm and pulled her to her feet, and motioned to move off of the sidewalk. She did as she was told, and he followed. They began to walk to the clubhouse, which was their plan in the first place. The scent of autumn filled the air through the park, and the leaves blew through the wind above their heads. In fact, the leaves seemed to be the only color in the vast gray blanket that covered the sky.

Sandy looked at him for a moment. "Hey, Stan?"

"Yeah?"

" . . . thanks."

"Any time."

Sandy felt terrible. Her mind kept telling her that it was her fault that they both nearly lost their lives on that street. She rethought it, and figured he wouldn't have saved her if he didn't want to. Sandy stared at her feet as she walked the rest of the way. She was startled when she bumped into the clubhouse door, then looked up to find Stan laughing to himself.

They walked to the main room. The ham-hams waited for them there, looks of worry on their faces.

"Goodness, where have you two been?" Bijou asked first.

Sandy looked at her brother for what to say. He looked at her with an expression of "What?", then mouthed for her to just think of something. "Uh, we . . . Noel went to the gym late, and Stan promised me that he would walk with me to the clubhouse today. Er, because we hadn't really talked to each other for a while."

"That's okay. We've all had our humans leave late before." Hamtaro said reassuringly. Stan and Sandy sighed with relief that they believed their lame story. The two sat down at their spots by the table.

Boss was telling stories about when he fought off an alley cat long before he met the ham-hams. The others were also telling stories of how they survived a near-death experience, and asked if the twins had any.

Sandy took a sip from her cup, and shrugged her shoulders. "Well, just today we-" Stan started shaking his head rapidly and mouthing the word 'no'. "Uh, never mind."

"Why not? Tell us!" Pashmina asked.

Stan gave in. "Uh, we ran into some trouble crossing the road today. That's all, nothing big."

"Oh," she said. "I'm glad you're okay."

Boss stood up. "Oh yeah, and before you came, we were talking about coming here tonight and doing something fun. That is, if your humans aren't home."

"No, I think they'll be out. That might be fun, right, _Stan_?" emphasizing his name. She wasn't about to let him out of this because of his "secret".

"Yeah, that will be great, _Sandy_," he said bitterly. He knew she was just trying to get him back in touch with the ham-hams even though he would much rather go home and sleep the rest of the day away.

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

"I fold . . . " The boys were playing a round of Texas Hold-em on the table in the main room, while the girls played a board game in the corner, insisting that poker was a "guy thing". The time was around 11:00 and it was a Tuesday, so most of the ham-ham's owners were in bed.

"Dude! I can't believe I won with a high card! Who calls with a six and an eight, anyways?" Stan boasted.

"I won't do it again, I swear!" Panda told them. "I'm a beginner, so lay off!" The next round was dealt. Stan looked at his cards. Pocket aces! It couldn't get any better. Cautiously betting, he decided not to raise, but to call. As soon as everyone else did the same, Boss laid down the flop. A five, a jack, and another ace! And lucky for him, Howdy started to raise a bit. Stan figured he had maybe one ace in his hand, because he had the other two. He cast a glance to Howdy, and raised. Maxwell, Dexter, and Panda folded. They went around the table again and called, then Boss laid down the turn. A two. That

wasn't going to help anyone. Boss laid down the final card, the river. A jack! Stan had a full house. He was about to raise when all of a sudden Cappy broke their silence.

"Whoa, Stan, what's wrong with your nose?" The others looked up at him. Stan had no idea what he was talking about.

"Oh, weird. It's like, black." Stan, worried about what was wrong with him, dropped his cards on the table and ran over to the girls, covering his nose, to ask for a mirror.

"Oh man! He's got aces! Everyone fold!" he heard them back at the table. His best hand was ruined, but he didn't care. Bijou had a mirror on hand, and lent it to him. He turned his back to the ham-hams, who were busy in conversation now. He raised his eyebrows in horror at what he saw. Not only was his nose black, but the fur around it was turning silver and spreading across his face.

"Uh, Sandy, could you come here?" She immediately came over to check him out. She gasped.

"Oh my gosh! What is going on?" she said quietly so the others couldn't hear.

"I don't know! It's like I'm morphing without my control!"

"Tonight's not even a full moon, is it?"

"No. This is whacked-out! I need to get out of here, and fast, before someone sees!" She shoved him over to the storage closet while he tried his best to cover his face.

"What's going on? Is everyzing alright?" Bijou asked.

"Nothing . . . er, Stan's got a bloody nose. You know, I think all that poker is getting to him." They ran into the room and tightly closed the door.

"I can't believe this . . . not only am I turning into a werewolf inside the clubhouse, but the best poker hand I've ever had in my life was ruined!"

"A full house was the best ever?"

"Yes! I mean, how did you know what I got?"

"I was kind of watching you guys play. How else?" Stan paws were now growing into more of his wolf-like ones. Big, furry, and clawed. "By the way, do you know how long this is going to last?"

"Probably all night."

"Geez," she moaned.

"I wonder why I'm morphing so slowly," he asked. "I mean, this morning I changed in a flash to save you."

"I don't kn-"

They were interrupted by Boss' voice at the door. "You all right in there?"

"Y-yes! We're fine! Don't worry about us!" They said nervously. Sandy told Stan to go hide.

"Where?" he asked in a whisper. He was almost a complete werewolf.

"Just-"

"I'm coming in to help." The door handle turned . . .

4. The Plan

Chapter 4

Oh, its been a while. This chapter is dedicated solely to Yayfulness, for making a sequel to Wanted Tourniquet. Wait . . . wait. This chapter is to Yayfulness, Crystalgurl101, and sparkleshine101 for being my favorite authors on fanfiction . net. Trust me, there's many more, but those were the ones who were here through this summer, and who I really kind of got to know through their stories.

ENJOY

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

Boss opened the door. "Uhhh . . . hello?" Sandy stood in the center of the room, appearing to be alone. She had a weird smile on. "Where's Stan?"

"Oh, Stan?" she said nervously. "Oh he's . . . uh . . . doing . . . something." The twins had not had enough time to come up with a decent excuse. Boss raised one eyebrow, looking at her like she was high on crack.

"Whatever you say . . ." he turned to leave, but suddenly he saw a dark shape in the corner of his eye. He turned toward the figure, and his eyes increased to the size of saucers at what he saw. "S-sa-sa-s-s-sand-d-d-y . . ." He pointed a shaky finger at the creature behind her.

She could get no words out of her mouth. Then, without warning, Boss grabbed a baseball bat that was lying in the corner and charged the monster.

"Boss! Wait! I can expl-"

He jumped on it started to whack with all his might at the beast. Sandy was shouting at him to stop, but Boss was in his own little world at he continued to pummel the creature. It wasn't until a few seconds later that he realized that the "monster" was yelling out bursts of "Ow ow ow ow ow!" as he continued to swing the bat. Boss jumped to the ground.

The werewolf was lying in a heap on the floor. Boss stood over him, stunned that he had just heard Stan's voice come from its mouth.

"I tried to tell you, Boss."

He put his hand behind his head. "Ah he he he . . ." he uneasily chuckled.

Stan lifted his head. "Don't worry about it, Boss-man."

"So it really is you, is it?"

"Yup."

"What in the living hell happened to you?"

Sandy interrupted the two boys. "Uh, Boss, before you go nuts here, you can't tell anyone about this. Okay?"

He nodded his head. "Yeah, sure, but what happened to Stan? I'd like to know that first."

"It's a long story," Stan started. "I just tell it to you in a nutshell, 'kay?"

"Go on . . ."

"It all happened, like, all of a sudden. Here I am now. There you have it, my story in a nutshell."

Boss rolled his eyes. "You haven't changed a bit."

"Now here is the real question, you two," Sandy said to them. "How are we going to get Stan out of here without the ham-hams seeing him?" The two ham-hams looked up at Stan, who was about twice his normal height.

"Good question. What options do we have?" Boss asked.

"Not much. We always have the option of leaving him in here, but that would be for all night and Noel would notice you're gone in the morning." Sandy added.

Boss nodded. "Or we could go out that little window over there, but the ham-hams would get suspicious of you and all, like you're a werewolf, ya know?"

"Oh sure, Boss. 'Oh, Stan climbed out the window, did he? Oh he is definitely a werewolf!'" Stan said sarcastically, imitating one of the ham-hams. "Me climbing out a window will not make anyone think I am a werewolf."

"Yeah, but it might get them suspicious," Sandy pointed out. "Wouldn't they ask why you were leaving through the window?"

"Probably yes."

"Then we can't do that."

Stan sighed. "Ugh . . . what can we do?" He stared at the wall for a few seconds, when suddenly an idea popped into his head. An idea so

grand it just _had_ to work.

He smirked. "Hey, Sandy, I might just have an idea." She approached him, and he whispered his plan into her ear.

"What? No way! I'm not doing that!" she said, a mixture of being stunned and angry written all over her face.

"Yes! You have to! It's the only way! Plus, hasn't Hillary been out of town since like two days ago?"

She thought to herself. She had to hand it to him, he was right about Hillary being out of town. It might just work out. "Alright. I'll pose as you in your cage. But I really don't want any more of Noel's books falling on me, okay? Those are _really_ heavy."

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

Sandy looked around the corner of Noel's door to his room. He was sound asleep, as she had seen him last. She quickly ran up to the table on which his cage was and to the cage door. This time she was careful to open it and close it slowly, for she didn't want Stan's owner waking up like before. Once inside, she took off the ribbon on her tail and hid it under some woodchips.

She closed her eyes and fell asleep . . .

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

"Good morning, Stan!"

Sandy was startled awake by Noel the next morning. She was used to hearing Hillary's voice.

Noel held out his hand for her, and she climbed on. "Say, Stan, I'm going to be out a little later tonight, because I'm going out with my friends. I'll see you then." Sandy closed her eyes in comfort as he gently petted her fur. He set her back down in the cage and left.

"See ya!" he yelled back. She heard his car drive off about a minute or so later.

"_That wasn't nearly as bad as I thought it would be," _Sandy thought to herself. "_Noel's actually pretty nice."_ She put her tail ribbon back on, then left for the clubhouse to check on Stan.

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

Weeeeeee! Are ya'll happy now?

5. Now What?

-1Chapter . . . 5? I lost count already.

I'm typing this because I am home sick today. Woe is me.

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

Sandy arrived at the clubhouse, out of breath from running such a distance. She slowly opened the door, seeing who was already there. To her relief, only Boss and Snoozer were there, and she was even surprised to see Stan, not a werewolf, sitting by Boss and messing around with his maracas

"Hi Boss. _Hi, Stan_." She said his name with extra emphasis. "How was your night?"

"Whose, mine or Boss'?" Stan asked her.

"Yours, idiot," she snapped, rolling her eyes.

Stan set down his maracas. "If you really care that much, I'll tell you. I laid down in the corner to sleep, and right as I was about to nod off, I changed back into a hamster. Not too exciting."

"So I posed as you for no reason? You could've gone home and been fine!"

"Looks that way," he said. "I would've rather been at home myself. The floor in that room is hard as hell, er, _heck_."

"It's okay. It's not like I haven't ever heard that word in my life, you know."

Boss chimed in. "Why would you change back into a hamster right before you fell asleep, though? Doesn't that seem strange to anyone here?"

"That's what I thought, too," Sandy agreed. "I guess we don't know much about werewolves though, so I can't tell you what's normal for them to do. What about you, Stan?"

"Me? I didn't think about it seriously. I was too tired."

"I don't suppose there is anyone in town that knows much about werewolves much, either," Boss commented. "I suppose we could look around, you know, for one of those weird magic-obsessed hams that could tell us something."

Stan's ears perked up. "Oh I know one of those! But not very well, if that's what your asking. He had a little shop in the alley, and I went there one time to check it out. He kept insisting that dragons were real, and I thought he was nuts. Maybe he knows about werewolves, beca-

"What is this talk about wolves?" A French accent was heard at the door. Sandy immediately shushed Stan so the word on his secret wouldn't get out. "I heard Stan say something about a wolf."

"Nothing, Bijou," Boss answered. "Stan just said something about the zoo in town getting some wolves in a new exhibit, and he wanted to go see them." Stan gave an annoyed sigh as Boss finished his sentence.

"But wolves are dangerous, no?" she said. "Why would you want to go visit them?"

"Because . . . uh . . . I like dogs . . . and wolves are like dogs," he told her. His fake tone was obvious in his voice, but Bijou didn't seem to notice.

"Oh. Maybe you could do that on your own time then." she said. "By the way, why are you and Sandy here so early?" Stan opened his mouth to answer, but Sandy put her hand in front of his face so he wouldn't give them away.

"We felt like it," she said, and immediately changed the topic. "So, how was your night?"

As they chatted together for a bit, the rest of the ham-hams showed up one-by-one at the clubhouse, ready for another big day.

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

Stan and Sandy were the last to leave when it reached late into the afternoon.

"Come back at about nine o' clock. I'll meet you by the front door," Boss instructed the two. "We can go to the alley from there." They nodded in agreement. Their plan for that evening was to follow Stan's lead to where he remembered the magic shop was, and hopefully find the shopkeeper there.

"We'll be here. Bye, Boss."

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

Sandy sat in her cage. She quietly entertained herself with her ribbon. The door clicked, and she looked up to see Hillary was home. Her owner set down her gym bags and walked over to Sandy's cage, opening the door and lifting her out. She made her way over to the bed, setting Sandy down and then laying right beside her with her books to finish her schoolwork.

-AT THE SAME TIME-

Noel had one of his college buds over. They sat on the floor, playing video games while Stan just watched them. He got bored with watching them play their game, and curled up into the corner of his cage to take a short nap. If Noel and his friend weren't so noisy, he might have actually fallen asleep. He decided that he would probably never get any sleep right then, so he started to play with his maracas.

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

Sandy was drifting off as she leaned on her human's arm. Daydreaming about Maxwell, she was. She snapped back into reality when she felt Hillary move off the bed. Looking over at the alarm clock, she noticed it was about 8:15. "I'd better get going pretty soon if Boss expects me to be there by nine," she said to herself. Hillary picked her up off the bed and set her back into her cage.

"Goodnight, Sandy. I'll see you in the morning." She picked up her books and went downstairs, much to the relief of Sandy because it would make it much easier to escape without being seen. She opened her cage door and started for the clubhouse.

-AT THE SAME TIME-

Stan was concerned about the time, too. It was now 8:25, and if he didn't leave soon he would definitely not get to the clubhouse at the time Boss told him to.

"If I go now, maybe Noel will just think I'm sleeping in my mini-house if he doesn't see me. I hope he'll think that, because I really need to get to the clubhouse otherwise Sandy and Boss will throttle me," he told himself. Ignoring the fact that his owner was right outside his cage, he quietly opened his door and crawled out. He was glad when he had passed them and was free to go. But . .

.

"Bye, Noel!"

"See you around! Come back sometime!" Noel's friend was leaving. Not only that, but he was walking right towards him! Would he be seen?

Stan realized that he was then right in his walking path, and had to flatten himself against the wall to avoid being stepped on. His heart racing, he just hoped that he could finally go to the clubhouse without any other obstacles. At least he wasn't seen.

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

Stan arrived at the clubhouse not long after Sandy did. "Sorry I'm late, guys. I had a bit of trouble getting out of the house."

"Why? Was your cage door stuck or something?" Sandy asked him.

"Um . . . sure. Let's leave it at that." he said.

"Whatever," was her response. "Are we ready to go?"

"Whenever you are," Boss said. "I'll lead us to the alley first, then Stan can show us to where the magic shop is. Got it, Stan?"

He wasn't listening. "What?"

"I said, you are leading us to the magic shop once we get to the alley. 'Kay?"

"Got it."

"Then follow me."

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

Short chapter, me thinks. I find great fun in torturing Stan.
;)

6. The Alley

Chap-a-tar 6

I don't think I've updated anything here in like a year. D:

And whoa, I just realized I posted this _exactly a year ago_! -deja vu-

This chapter is also dedicated to SUPERIDIOTGIRL, who makes some awesomely wonderful fics. Go read them, you romance-obsessed people.

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

It was almost completely dark out now. The three ham-hams, Boss, Sandy, and Stan, were well on their way to the alley, they had been walking for at least 45 minutes. Earlier, Stan had told Boss which alley he was looking for. He remembered it being one of the smallest alleys in the city, and that there were no cats that he knew of living there. The field ham was pretty sure he knew which alley he was talking about, and offered to lead the group. Boss, up in the front, came to a halt. There was only one big obstacle they had to pass, and that was the road. Not that there'd be any cars, though, as late as they were out. You could never be too careful.

"Okay. All we gotta do is cross this street, and we'll be there," Boss said. "It's late, there shouldn't be any traffic to worry about."

"Good. The alley's right across the street, I can see it. But â€| hmm, I kind of expected it to be â€| bigger. Like most other alleys, you know?" Sandy stated. Indeed, the alley was pretty narrow, hardly more than a foot wide.

"Well, That's probably why some creep-o magic guy put his shop in here, because it's too narrow for cats, eh?" Stan suggested.

"Alright, enough chatter you two, let's go!" Boss steeped out onto the street, the twins following in his footsteps. It took them about a minute or two, considering that the street is a lot longer when you're only like 4 inches tall. Luckily, they made it across with no problem, and into the alley. Boss looked over to Stan, motioning him to take the lead.

"Stan, you said you know where this place is. Take us there." Stan didn't want to say anything, but it'd been a long time since he had actually been there, and had no idea where it really was.

"_Better just go with the flow â€| who could get lost in a little alley like this, anyways?"_ he thought to himself. He cautiously walked into the opening, the darkness covering him like a black cape. Stan was terrified of cats, and every moment he felt like one was just going to pop out and eat him. Busy in his thoughts, Stan was startled by the sudden shout from Boss the back of the group.

"C'mon, Stan! If you were walking any slower we'd be going backwards!" he said, rather annoyed.

"Right," Stan replied. He gulped, and sped up his pace.

They had walked quite a ways by now, and nothing was to be found. The group couldn't see much in the dark, and it wasn't getting any better the deeper they got into the alley.

"Like, are you sure this is the right alley?" Sandy questioned Boss.

"Definitely!" he answered confidently. "Stan told me so himself!" Sandy looked over at her brother. He raised up his paws as if to say, 'What?' They abruptly stopped. Not because they found the magic shop, but because they had just run head-first into a wall. Dead end.

"Great!" Stan grumbled, rubbing his forehead. "Now what?"

"Don't ask me!" Sandy yelled. "_You're_ the one who's supposed to know where this place is!"

"Hey now â€¦!"

"COOL IT," Boss interfered. "Fighting won't get us anywhere." HE looked around for a moment, then faces the twins again. "We must have missed a turn or something. It's no big deal." They turned around and headed back, paying close attention to the sides to look for an opening.

Boss' ears perked up. He had heard something in front of him as soon as they turned the other way. He looked nervously at the two others.

"Guys â€¦ I think we have a problem â€¦!"

A black figure about the size of Stan stood about a human-sized foot away from them. It simply froze in its spot, not moving its gaze from the trio.

"What â€¦ _is_ that thing?" Stan whispered. "Is it a hamster?"

"Actually, I think so," Boss said. "Look closely."

Focusing their eyes, they saw that it was, in fact, a fellow hamster. And not just any hamster for that matter. It was Cappy. It was apparent that he had been following behind the group the whole time, and he was only spotted because they changed directions and caught him before he could hide.

Boss raised his eyebrow. "â€¦ Cappy? What are _you_ doing here?" The boy looked rather embarrassed at being found, but confessed anyway.

"Well â€¦ I-I went to the clubhouse to pick up that one hat that I left behind, and I saw you, Sandy, and Stan getting ready to go someplace. And you know â€¦ I had nothing better to do, so I wanted to follow."

"That doesn't give you any right to come with us!" Stan yelled at him, aggravated that he would probably need to spill his secret to Cappy now. Cappy, being pretty sensitive and embarrassed already, looked on the verge of tears.

"Stan! That wasn't nice!" Sandy heatedly shot back at him. "Who cares if he knows, he won't tell!"

"Tell what?" Cappy asked, looking puzzled.

"Great," Stan glanced at his sister. "Now we have to tell him." Boss decided that Stan wasn't the greatest at explaining things, so he summed it up pretty quickly. The curse, the last-night incident, and the fabled magic shop in the alley. Cappy looked dumbfounded by all this crazy new information, and he didn't really believe it at all, but went with it anyways.

"â€| okay."

"Glad you understand," Boss said. "Now, come follow us. It's no use sending you back now."

"And once more thing. You gotta promise not to tell anyone. ANYONE." Stan told him. "Because â€| it's a secret. You know. And it wouldn't be a secret if everybody knew." Cappy just nodded his head.

"'K, good. You can stay in the middle of us, since you're pretty little yet," Stan told him.

Boss chuckled "Haha, but he's taller than you!"

Stan was fuming. "Shut UP!" he shouted at him. Sandy was laughing to herself, because for some reason she always found it funny when her brother was mad. At least, when he wasn't mad at her. "By littler, I meant 'younger', okay?" he was obviously pretty crabby at this point.

They eventually began on their mission again to find the magic ham's place. Stan was in the front of the pack, Sandy and Cappy in the middle, and Boss at the end. Minute by minute passed, and there was no sign of life other than themselves in the entire alley. Little did they know, the alley was much bigger than once thought; it may have been narrow, but there were many twists and turns everywhere that made easy to get lost.

Stan stopped all of a sudden again, causing Sandy to bump into him. She opened her mouth to express her displeasure, but he interrupted. There was another hamster-like figure in front of them

"Alright Cappy, enough of your game! We know it's just you!" Stan said confidently.

"Uhh â€| Stan â€| I'm right behind you." Cappy squeaked. He looked back to find the capped ham standing right behind him, and the figure in front of him still standing there. His confidence disappeared almost as soon as it had arrived, and he began to panic. Luckily, Boss was man enough to take control.

"Hey! You up there!" he yelled. The hamster-like figure did not respond.

"We can see you! Come where we can see you, hamster!" The stranger gave in, and stepped into the small amount of street light that shone between him and the ham-hams. The hamsters eyes widened, for this wasn't a hamster at all, it was a scruffy little gerbil. It was dressed in mostly black, but mixed in with other colors that didn't exactly match. The gerbil had plenty of jewelry all over himself,

even though he was a male, and piercing on its ears. You could have almost called him a modern day hippie.

"Hiii â€|" he said in a rather strange accent they had never heard before. "Did you need something?"

They were hesitant to respond, but obliged. "D-do you know where we could find what you could call like â€| a magic shop? Or something?" Boss asked carefully.

"You're talking to the man who owns it," the gerbil responded. A smirk appeared across his face. "I'm glad you came." Boss looked over at the rest, a look of "whoa" plastered on his face.

"The name is Dameon. Would you care to follow me?" They figured it would be no harm, so they pursued him. The rodent walked slowly and calmly, not seeming to have a care in the world. He often glanced back at the hamsters, making them feel a little uncomfortable. He was definitely a creepy guy.

After many minutes of silence, Dameon struck up a conversation. "You know, it's a common fact that hamsters are not friends with gerbils," he said. "What makes you think I can be trusted?" he asked in a suspicious tone. Boss shrugged, not knowing how to respond. The gerbil smiled. "Oh, you don't have to worry. I don't follow those silly rules. Sometimes I wish the world could just all get along â€| you know â€|" He almost sounded high. And he probably was. Cappy was trying to hide the fact that the smell of the rodent was so strong he could hardly breathe.

Sandy leaned over by Stan and whispered in his ear. "So this is the freak you met in the alley?"

"Yeah, I'm positive," he replied. "I'd recognize that getup anywhere."

They finally reached what looked like a small mouse hole in the wall. The glow of colored lights could be seen from inside, and there was an unreadable sign that hung over the entrance.

"So â€|" he asked. "What brings you to my pleasant abode?"

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

Yeahhh ... violence will come later, ye piratey mates!

7. Explained

CHAPTER 7-ISH

AH HA and you thought I'd never pick this up again. :D

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

The group of hamsters followed "Dameon" into his hole in the wall. Looking around at his stuff lying around, it could be easily noticed that he was definitely a pack-rat â€| er, pack-gerbil. The house, like the rodent, smelled of musty smoke.

Dameon repeated himself. "What brings you here, hamsters?"

There was a bit of an awkward pause as the ham-hams looked around at each other. Boss motioned to Stan to say something.

The tiger-striped ham faced Dameon. "Well see â€¦ we've got a bit of a problem," he said. "â€¦ you're good with all that magic/fantasy stuff, right?"

The gerbil nodded.

"Good â€¦ well umm, we've got ourselves a bit of a _werewolf_ problem at our clubhou-"

"WEREWOLVES?" Dameon shouted, startling the group. "You've got a clubhouse full of werewolf hamsters?"

Sandy stopped him. "No, no! It's only one single werewolf! And it's my brother â€¦ he's not mean or anything like that, we swear!" Dameon turned to Stan and smirked.

"Ohh, so _you're _the lucky wolf-ham, aren't you?" He pointed to the table, indicating for them to sit down. "Can you tell me of the circumstances?"

"Circumstances?" Stan asked, confused. He wasn't no Maxwell, that was for sure.

"How did you come about your gift, and can you tell me what kind of werewolf you are?"

Stan had to think back for a moment. He didn't remember anyone making him a werewolf or anything, and he didn't know there were different kinds, so neither question could be answered. "I â€¦ I dunno â€¦" he said timidly, "I woke up one morning in my cage and realized I had it."

"Then you obviously don't know what breed you are!" Dameon said. Stan shot him a look of _no duh_. The gerbil took a heavy book out from a box on the floor and began to flip through it. "Let's see, W's, W's, W's, werewolves! Here we are!"

The group of ham-hams sat patiently while he read through some passages, humming to himself.

"Can you tell me of a few cases when you've changed into your beast form?"

He thought for a moment. "Well the first time was at night, the second I think â€¦ the time we almost got ran over-"

"Don't forget that stupid college book incident," Sandy reminded him. "You saved me then, too."

"Right," he acknowledged. "Then there was me playing poker, it happened right after I got a pair of aces dealt to me, but I changed back in only a little bit. I think those were the only times."

Dameon "mmmm'd" in response. He flipped past another two pages, and

seemed to stop at something in particular.

"Ah ha!"

"What? What is it?" Boss asked him.

"I know what breed of werewolf your friend is," he said with a gleam in his eye. "I'll only tell you if you go get me that acorn on the shelf." He pointed at Cappy.

The small hamster complied, and got up to retrieve the nut for him. As soon as he had grabbed it, he dropped it in disgust. "T-this acorn must be ridiculously old! Look at it, it's growing mold all over it from being wet!" Dameon glanced at him with an aggravated expression, scaring the shy Cappy. He picked up the seed by its rotted stem and carried it over.

"Now then, where was I?" the gerbil said calmly. "Oh yes, your werewolf breed."

"Well? What am I?" Stan asked anxiously.

Dameon smiled. "I'll only tell you if you eat this acorn."

"ABSOLUTELY NOT."

"Fine, fine," he said, chuckling to himself. "I was only kidding, you know." The group was getting impatient by now.

"Get on with it!" Boss yelled across the table.

"Here's what I think you are, based on what you've told me," he started off. "This particular wolf type does not have a formal name, but is best known as the Daybreak Werewolf, for it's ability to shift forms during the daytime unlike most others."

The four hamsters listened intently.

"The breed revolves mostly around adrenaline. Any time you get a moderate to tremendous rush of adrenaline, you'll shift forms, either instantly or slowly, depending on the situation and the intensity of your rush. It also changes during full moon nights, like most other wolves, and the curse can be spread to others through bites."

It was all beginning to make sense to Stan now. Every time he changed, he had gotten excited, frightened, or it was nighttime. Why hadn't he recognized this before?

"Also it should be noted that under certain conditions, a Daybreak Werewolf may turn into a half-beast or hyper-beast, although there are no details about either in this particular text." Dameon closed his book and set it back into the box he found it from.

Stan thanked him for the information, and asked one final question. "Let's say I'm with my other friends, who don't know of my 'special power', and something happens where I get startled or whatever. How can I control my transformation?"

"The best thing you can do is learn to not be moved by such things.

Controlling your emotions is key."

Boss chuckled. "Good thing it's not Oxnard, he would be a werewolf all the time!" Sandy and Cappy giggled with him. Stan thanked the hippie gerbil again, and signaled for his group to leave.

As the headed out the door, Dameon called after them. "Whatever you do, don't bite anyone! We don't need it spreading around like the flu!"

"I won't, I promise!" Stan shouted back. _Finally, I'm outta that place!_ he thought to himself. They walked down the long, narrow alley for a few feet, just far enough to make sure the gerbil couldn't hear them.

"Ha ha, what a nutcase!" Boss exclaimed. "Especially right when we walked in, what a weirdo!"

"WEREWOLVES?" Stan mocked.

"Hopefully we don't run into _him_ again, ha ha ha!"

Sandy smiled, but changed the topic back to what he had told them. "So you're a 'daybreak werewolf', huh? Is that why you changed into a wolf when that car was coming?"

"Must've been, there's no other explanation," he said. "You know, for being completely whack, he sure helped us a lot."

"True," Boss agreed, "but how can we be sure it's all true?"

"We already have proof that I change when I'm excited and stuff, we already know that for sure. Sandy knows that." She nodded.

"Yeah, but what about that half-beast hyper-beast nonsense?" Boss questioned. "What do you suppose they are?"

"No clue. I guess we'll find out."

They were nearly 10 feet from the exit of the alleyway. They could see the streetlight from outside; otherwise it was mostly too dark to see. Before they could leave, a large shape appeared in front of them, casting a shadow enough to block out their view of the streetlamp. The ham-hams stopped.

The shape came closer and closer, until it's shape could be made out more. It was about 15 inches tall, long and slender, with the distinct smell of â€| dead fish?

"C-C-CAT!!" Cappy squeaked out. They tried to get out of the alley fast, but quickly realized that because it was so narrow, the cat blocked off their entire path. Their only option was backwards â€| and at this time of night, who knows what could be lurking back there besides creepy pot-smoking gerbils.

The gray tabby cat, as it inched closer, eagerly flexed it claws. The four ham-hams decided that backwards was the best way to go at this point. They took off into the darkness, into the labyrinth of passages to follow. The cat went after them, so close it was nearly nipping at their heels.

They lost the cat for a brief moment as they came to a fork in their path.

"What now? If we all go one direction, that cat's gonna eat us for sure!" Sandy cried out.

Boss looked left then right, then answered her. "We'll split up. Stan, Sandy, you go together. I'll take Cappy my way. That way, the cat will follow one pair of us down the alley, and the other can escape."

"What about the group that doesn't get out â€|?"

" â€| we'll think of something." Boss said nervously. Sandy gulped.

As the cat appeared in their line of sight again, the hamsters hurried off in pairs. To Boss' (and more so Cappy's) dismay, the cat followed them. Then ran and ran until they reached what looked to be a dead end. Frightened for their life, the backed up slowly with their eyes transfixed on the menacing cat above them.

"_I just hope Stan and Sandy get out okay,"_ Boss whispered to Cappy. As they backed up more, they bumped into the concrete wall at the end. Except â€| it wasn't concrete at all. It was a wall of muscular black fur, and it was _much_ bigger than the cat â€|

End
file.